

William Tate Thinks There is Nothing Like Army Life.

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luck of being in service.

We were called to service on July 8, 1918, when we gladly and fearlessly answered our country's call, are now almost ready to sail for France.

We have just returned from a rifle range. You bet we have been doing some shooting there. We made our 16 mile hike in 5 hours, and were loaded in heavy marching order. We had to ferry ourselves across the Alabama river, and all of our company and their horses were on the boat together. Not saying too much for ourselves, but will tell something of the shooting we did while on the range. I made 87 hits out of 100 shots, off 300 yards range, and Arthur P. Majors made 92 hits out of 100 shots, off 300 yard range. We were out from our camps one week, and enjoyed it all fine.

We will not be here much longer, when we leave here we will sail for France. We are rushing the time by, and preparing for that lonely trip, fearing no danger whatever. You can look for our names regular, for we are going in the front lines when we get to "No-man's land". When we get back home we will tell you how we went over the top, made sharp shooters, and uncrowned the Kaiser.

Out of the 3 months I have been in camps have spent 21 days in the hospital on account of mumps. The only thing that grieved me while I was in the hospital, was I feared my Co. would sail before I was able to join them, but I am out just in time.

I am the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tate, of Sumner county, but was born and raised in Jackson county. I often think of my good old friends in Jackson county, and wish I could be with them as well as my folks at home. But as I am aiding Uncle Sam in his trouble, I am well contented with my job.

Arthur P. Majors was drafted from Winchester, Tenn., and was born and raised in Franklin county. We are both 23 years old.

Guess we will close for this time and perhaps we can tell you something about France when we write again.

William H. Tate
Arthur P. Majors,
Co. C, 26 Machine Gun,
M. G. B. N.
Camp Sheridan, Ala.

Walter Phillips Has A Royal Good Time.

Camp Nelson,
New Orleans, La.
Dear Editor and friends of Jackson County:

I take the greatest of pleasure in writing you all a few lines this bright and sunny afternoon.

I am just fine and everything is bright and lovely at Camp Nelson. I only wish that you people in Jackson county could visit this place, for I am satisfied that it is the most up-to-date Army or Navy camp of the Sunny South.

We sailor boys are sure being taken care of at this place. I like the navy fine, and believe that it is the best branch of the service.

Sept. 12, was a great day with the soldiers and sailors of this place. It was known with us as "New Orleans War Camp Community Day." Men from different camps assembled at Canal and Claiborne Avenue, where the parade was formed at 10:00 a. m. We proceeded on lower side of Canal to Tchoupitoulas street; thence on upper side of Canal to St. Charles street; thence to Lafayette square. Here commands were given, and we stacked arms to receive a short address from the mayor of the city. Following this, there was a few minutes singing by the soldiers and sailors. This was the largest military exhibition parade ever seen in New Orleans. The prettiest and most impressive sight of the parade was the Red Cross nurses, leading the way and carrying the flag which bore the stars and stripes. I want to stop here and say that the Red Cross is one of the greatest organizations in the world. If it were not for the Red Cross there would be many a homesick and discouraged boy. It is a mother to the army and navy. After the singing we were dismissed, and each soldier and sailor was invited to lunch at the Washing-

ton Artillery Armory on St. Charles Street. There each soldier and sailor was served a fine dinner.

In the afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock there were concerts given by military bands and Jerusalem Temple band. Exhibition drill by Shriners, community singing, fireworks, free refreshments for soldiers and sailors.

At supper time each soldier and sailor was invited to the private homes of the city. All that was served was the finest and in great abundance, and each one showed his appreciation by the hearty way he partook of the repast. When we took our departure for camps we were served with cigarettes and cigars, and were invited to call again.

I certainly enjoyed being with the people of New Orleans and I will always remember the respect and love that the people there showed the soldiers and sailors on Sept. 12.

I will close with best wishes to the Sentinel and its readers.

Walter Phillips,
West End U. S. Naval Training Station.

Will P. McDearman Sees Effect of War in England.

Somewhere in England,
Sept. 2, 1918.

Dear Parents:

How are you all? I am well and getting along fine, with the exception of a bad cold. All the boys seem to have colds, which I suppose is caused by the change of climate. We have cool days and cold nights here, and our overcoats feel good in the early part of the day. There hasn't been any frost here yet and everything is green.

This country is somewhat like Tennessee. It is a limestone country, very hilly, and blue grass grows in abundance everywhere. The principal crops here seem to be wheat, rye, clover, hay and other grass. I haven't seen any corn growing since I left the States, guess the seasons are too short for Indian maize here, but other crops look good.

I have been in England for several days. During the first two days of my trip across the Atlantic I was somewhat dizzy, but soon got alright and never did vomit, but some of the boys hung their heads over the boat and fed the fish. It took us longer to cross than it would in peace times, but the ship crew said that the waters were unusually calm. The weather was clear and you could see a long ways until the water and sky seem to meet.

The trains that I have rode on here have different coaches to the ones in America. They are arranged so only eight men are in a coach, and the road is out of one tunnel into another.

We are now living in tents. Six men are put in one tent, which are floored. Each man has an overcoat, slicker and four blankets. I put my overcoat and slicker on the floor, then spread my blankets over them, and crawl under and go to sleep. It is not as soft as my feather bed at home, but am getting along alright. Don't know how long will be in this camp, anywhere from 10 days to 2 months.

There were several Jackson county boys on the ship that I was on, but belonged to different companies to the one I do. The boys were Andrew Lynn, Hugh Berry, Sam Lock, John L. Stafford and Robert Jones. I think Adie Pate was on another ship, but I haven't got to see him yet. Don't know whether he is in this camp or not. Some of the boys think he is here. We are close to an aviation camp I think, because they are sailing over our camp most all the time.

The people that I have seen here are women, old men and cripples, the rest are on the front. The women here do not wear the silks that our women do in U. S. They show the marks of war.

The roads over here are fine. Wish I had a car when I see them but could not get to use it if I had one. The women here ride bicycles as often as they do horses in America.

I have got some of this English money, but can't tell how much it will buy, all that I have learned about it is, I can buy a paper with an American nickel and get an English penny back, and the penny will buy another paper.

I will close with best wishes to all.

Your son,
Will Pickett McDearman,
23rd Co. Camp Pike J. A. R. D.
A. E. F.

SUGAR ORDER MUST BE OBEYED BY ALL

AN ADDRESS TO THE PATRIOTIC PEOPLE OF THE STATE TO SAVE SUGAR.

GREAT SHORTAGE IN SUGAR

The Allowance in Tennessee is Two Pounds Per Person Per Month. Patriots Will Not Use More Than This Amount.

Nashville.—In a final effort to more fairly equalize the distribution of the meager sugar allowance for Tennessee, Dr. H. A. Morgan, general food administrator, has issued an appeal to the patriotic people of the state. The Food Administration is loath to abandon its policy of reliance upon the patriotism and devotion of the American people to obtain results, but more drastic regulations may be necessary.

The appeal of Dr. Morgan has been sent broadcast over the state. Every retailer of sugar is expected to display it conspicuously. The county official and mayors are asked to post it. This appeal follows:

An Address to the Patriotic People of Tennessee—On Sugar.

Everyone knows what patriotism means. It means stand by your country, and this is addressed only to those who are willing to stand by their country.

Those who are unwilling to stand by their country are slackers, and it is your patriotic duty to report them to your County Food Administrator, so that they can be punished and published as slackers.

The greatest shortage since the war is in sugar. You may not know how great this is, but your government knows, and the patriots willing to take the word of his government. Mr. Hoover knows how little sugar is available for the allied countries and their armies, and how keen the shortage is, and he knows that to maintain our allies the will to win the war will require the last ounce that we can spare.

How much sugar are you willing to spare to win the war? And to stop the toll of American blood and treasure?

Our allowance is two pounds per person per month. We can live on this, and we must live on this. This sugar regulation comes home to every one, and constitutes today more than anything else the measure of our loyalty and patriotism.

Don't leave this to guess. Ascertain the facts. You are either patriotic or unpatriotic; you are either keeping or breaking your pledge to the Food Administration. There is no halfway ground.

There are communities in Tennessee which have not gotten their 2 pounds because they could not get it—because other communities were getting more than 2 pounds. Help us to expose these slackers, who are willing to betray their country for the sake of their appetites.

Such offenses as these, in a time like this, are a reflection not only upon our democracy, but upon our common honesty.

The accomplishments of the Food Administration in Tennessee have been most gratifying, but there are some who have not obeyed the sugar regulation. It is not too late for them to reform and come over on the side of the allies. It should be a mark of dishonor to use more sugar than the monthly ration. Patriots will observe the regulation implicitly; others should forfeit the fellowship of decent people.

Wheat Campaign.
The Federal Food Administration is cooperating in every way possible with the agents of the department of agriculture in the big drive to increase the wheat acreage of the state by 50 per cent. Letters have been sent to every county food administrator instructing them to lend all possible assistance in securing pledges in their several counties for the quotas assigned them.

Food Conferences.
Most successful conferences of the county food administrators of Middle and East Tennessee have been held this week at Nashville and Knoxville. Very few of the administrators failed to attend, the reports of conditions in the various counties were highly gratifying. Dr. Morgan thrilled the conferences by reports that he made of the recent conference at Washington with Mr. Hoover and the federal food administrators of the several several states.

Fines Imposed.
The food administration continues to contribute to the treasury of the Red Cross through the imposition of penalties. C. O. Lett, of Bradford, confessed his violation of the flour regulations and paid a fine of \$50. W. C. Austin of Clarksville, also confessed that he had sold mill feed above the margin allowed and paid a fine of \$50.

Rape and kale make winter green feed for poultry. These should be sown sufficiently early to get a good start before the first frosts. The ground should be plowed in July and harrowed every two weeks, and the seed sown late in August. Space in the garden where early potatoes have been harvested can be put to this use. —R. N. Crane, division of agricultural extension, Knoxville.



"I'd like to be there!"

YOU have said it—as you have looked at some vivid picture or read some stirring account of our boys fighting with American courage and self-sacrifice. If you cannot go out to them, you can fight for them, over here. Smash open the way for them with howitzers and big guns. Send them ammunition, tanks, airplanes, rifles, clothing, food. Help to keep them victorious.

You can lend as fearlessly, as unselfishly, as they fight. That is *your* job as a part of our war machine.

OF COURSE you would "like to be there." They don't need you yet or you WOULD be there. But they need guns and shells, every hour they remain on the road to Berlin.

Absolutely the next best thing to going over is to

Buy Liberty Bonds—Buy to Your Limit

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